

THE BRITISH WORKWOMAN OUT AND AT HOME.

"A Woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.—Give her of the fruit of her hands, and let her own works praise her."—Prov. xxxi.



"MRS. BETTY BARGAIN.—THE DANGEROUS LOVE OF CHEAPNESS."

MRS. BETTY BARGAIN;

OR, THE

DANGEROUS LOVE OF CHEAPNESS.

By the Author of "The Poetry of Home and Childhood," "The Return of the Saviour," &c., &c.

BARGAIN by name, and bargaining by nature, was the butcher's wife, in the chief street of this little London suburb. First of herself; secondly, of her bargains. She was a moderately stout woman, with a comely face—red and white, like her own good beef. Round her brows was a close cap, well decked with small blue bows; a tight high brown dress was fronted by an apron so white and clean, that it might have replaced a damask table cloth in the shop; oftentimes at the little wainscot-painted desk up in the corner, where the account of chops and steaks, and sirloins and saddles, and necks and shoulders, was kept in that peculiarly abbreviated style in which many tradesmen delight. Sometimes, however, when both master and man were out, she condescended to sever with the shining knife, the prime slice from the rump. Always so neat and prim and brisk-looking, she was an ornament to the shop. Even bluff Mr. Bargain himself said, as she appeared therein on Monday mornings, with fresh white collar and apron, that she was its best piece of furniture. Nor did Mrs. Betty neglect her husband. Brightly blue was his butchering coat; well got up and carefully folded his red neckerchief; neatly darned his grey worsted hose, and carefully fine-drawn every little rent that occurred to any portion of his outer raiment. Well, too, she knew, when summer was sultry and flies frequent, how by pepper and preparation, to save from waste those bits of prime which co-homers had not carried off, nor blinds, wire covers, or chicken switchers preserved. Well, too, she kept at her duty her thin little servant-of-all-work, Ann Artichoke, who had an hour's walk every Sunday evening to herself, and no followers allowed. In fact, Mrs. Betty Bargain was a moral miracle—a most respectable woman in the general relations of life. Alas, however, there was one exception: most certainly she had one fault: there was a flaw in her china-vase after all. Alas! as ever, this one fault, as it were, reflected infinitesimally in all the colours of the prism, still keeps the sinners in an astounding majority above the saints.

What was this one fault of Mrs. Bargain's? Will the political economists allow us to call it, the sin of buying cheap and selling dear? May we say she wished to make good markets, and to find easy ones? Not exactly so. She liked her meat to fetch its price, but she was not extortionate. A fair return, was the maxim with which each night she pressed the pillow. Quick sales, and small profits, she said, best turned over the money. Her sin, then, was not in selling at the dearest market; it was rather in buying at the cheapest. Not in the trade, however;—the master managed the Smithfield matters himself. Still Mrs. Betty had many purchases of her own to make: in these her lame foot showed its limp; on that side, the mirror displayed its crack. The truth must out—Mrs. Bargain was so fond of bargaining and chaffering and bargaining, and buying things for such a very little money. This was her one fault,—What is ours?

One fine morning, before her husband had returned from Smithfield, Mrs. Betty was taking the air at her shop door. She had scarcely been there time enough to see that the lodger at first floor No. 23 was up, and that the buttermilk was opening, when straight towards her crossed over the road a gentleman, with a well polished brass-bright mahogany cane under his arm.

"Ty a vatch, marm?" said the Jew, opening his case, and holding it before her.

"A watch, indeed?" replied Mrs. Bargain, drawing back. "I am a tradesman's wife as knows her position, and is satisfied with a good going eight-day clock in her house, and wants no watches by her side."

"No hoffee, marm, I b'pe," said the Jew, "but these hearings would be becoming."

"Don't want any," exclaimed Mrs. Bargain, retreating. "Anything in this way?" continued the Jew, following her into the shop, and producing half a dozen tea-spoons in silver paper.

"Nothing at all," said the butcher's dame, looking hesitatingly at them.

"Real silver, marm, and very cheap."

"What's the price?"

"Only thirty shillings. Look at the stamp."

"Too dear,—can't afford them," said Mrs. Bargain.

"Look at this half dozen, then," continued the

Jew, producing a packet of spoons of the illustrious German silver. "I can do these cheaper. Will you bid?"

"Don't care for any this morning, thank you," said Mrs. Bargain, with her eyes eagerly fixed upon the newly produced articles, which, although she knew to be of an inferior quality, at least looked larger than those which had preceded them, and were as bright as genuine silver.

"They are worth ten shillings of any one's money," said the Jew.

"Not of mine," said his cautious customer, now on tip-toe for what she called her beating-down plan.

"Make a bid then?" asked the cunning Israelite.

"What is your lowest?" retorted she.

"Say eight shillings,—that's two off!"

"No,—it's too much."

"Three half-crowns, then?"

"No,—I'll only give six shillings."

"Say seven shillings, and you shall have them."

"No,—no higher than six."

"Take them then: I want money. They are dirt cheap, and such a bargain as you'll never get again," said the Jew; and Mrs. Bargain paid the money and began to felicitate herself upon the cheapness of her purchase.

Just at this moment, her husband returned, and the new spoons were displayed on the chopping block.

"Look at my new purchase, Bargain!" said she.

The honest butcher turned one over in his hand.

"Is this silver, my dear?"

"Silver? why yes: not of the best quality, of course; but so cheap!"

"They'll turn as yellow as butter. They are only German Silver."

"Well, I can't say what kind of silver they are; but what do you guess I gave?"

"Why, they sell at ninepence a piece. Half a dozen would be four and sixpence, at the usual price."

"You don't say so! I gave six shillings at the door."

"Done again!" laughed the honest butcher. "When will you be wise? Why don't you go to respectable shops, and not always be bargaining with pedlars?"

Sure enough the metal spoons soon became discoloured, and verified the opinion of her husband; but Mrs. Bargain was still not cured of her complaint of cheapening. She had no pleasure in dealing at shops where the prices were fixed, and reductions against the rule. In buying even a silk handkerchief for her husband, the bandanna lost its charms without bating. Cheapening she mistook for cheapness. Bargaining with the salesman misled her in quivering the article. She counted the cash, but her quarrel was not concerning the quality; consequently, her success was often her failure. In victory, she the art of war, through frequent fighting, until at last the Theban was victorious over the Spartan, so at length did the commercial enemy become acquainted with the purchasing tactics of Mrs. Bargain, and, with strategic sublimity, put on an additional shilling to allow her the pleasure of taking it off.

Ten years had now passed—yes, ten years! Oh, that age had brought wisdom! Oh, that we grew in understanding as in stature! Alas, that we grown babes are so long in cutting our wisdom teeth! Ten years had passed, yet still Mrs. Bargain continued in her old course. Her eye still brightened in bating. Bargaining was both her blessing and her curse. In vain did experience teach. Prints, whose colours ran, which did not chase her from cheapening. Glasses, which did not chase her from the master's first tumbler of grog, failed to show flaw in her plan. Thrice was she taken in by trays, whose patterns assumed infinitely astonishing aspects around her hot metal teapot; and a fourth time did she allow herself to be betrayed. Still she hankered after hawkers. The pedlars knew the spring of her purse, and she was sold at all the sales she bought at. The experience of ten years even had had no effect, but surely its lesson was to be learned at last.

It was about the dusk of evening that, as she was hastening home from a call upon a neighbour, and had arrived in her own street, a man touched her arm, and then tapping a large roll of gilts which he carried with him, said in an undertone, "Beg your pardon, ma'am, but I have a prime bargain here." The word was fascinating, and her steps hesitated. The applicant lost no chance; he shifted the roll on both arms, and presented it before her, so sufficient for our object that, leaving out all dialogue, the article was one that Mrs. Bargain required; that she cheapened it to a trifle—the man protesting poverty; that it was taken into the house, measured,

and found exactly to fit the passage, and that, her husband being out, she ultimately bought and paid for it, while the man hurried off.

Certainly it was cheap. It was good, too. She had not been cheated this time in quality. The pattern was pretty, presenting an imitation of chequered pavement. It was well painted, and the colours deeply fixed. But how had the man come by it? That inquiry never entered her mind, and her husband paid little attention to the matter. The next morning Ann Artichoke, now as plump and fit as butter from ten years' service at a butcher's, went down upon her knees, and fixed it in the passage. Very neat it looked, and sure it would be noticed by Mrs. Bargain's Sunday party of friends. An hour had scarcely elapsed before a policeman quietly walked into the shop, and asked the honest butcher whether he knew "a gent" who had visited his house the previous evening.

"No one was here to my knowledge," said Mr. Bargain.

"Probably not," said the policeman, "but a man with stolen goods was traced to your door; he conferred with them, and returned without them; and I have here a warrant to search your house."

It was true. "Call my wife," said the butcher to his man; and Mrs. Bargain soon appeared from the kitchen, and learned the cause of the policeman's visit.

"Oh, my!"—exclaimed the butcher's wife, turning red and purple, with large white spots in her face, "who would have thought it? I never knew it was stolen!"

"You should at least have taken some note of the suspicious circumstances under which it was offered for sale," said the policeman. "The price alone which you admit having given for it, was such as you might be sure it could not have been sold at, if it was fairly come by. As it is, I must take you for examination at the office, and the cloth, too."

Up came the cloth, and off went Mrs. Bargain, wringing her hands, and weeping woefully. The poor butcher was thus condemned to see his wife taken before the magistrate. What mortification for him, honest heart as he was! What misery for her, the well-meaning, but mistaken in one matter, apparently so trifling, but really so grave! In fact, it was a serious affair. Her examination was on a charge of abetting felony; and it required all the testimonies of her friends as to her character, all the leniency of a good-natured magistrate, under the providence of a sunshiny day, to release her from her durance vile. And that only was obtained by bail being given for her appearance, in case she should be required to appear in any future stage of the case, and it was accompanied by a serious admonition from the bench, and one afterwards from her husband. The lesson, however, was at last learned, although it required a severe teaching. Mrs. Bargain ever afterwards bought at respectable shops, and avoided all those whose prices were not fixed. Hawkiers were her horror. Those who wished for bating, and those who bated, became alike her abomination. She now judged of the price of an article by its quality, and ever examined it again suspiciously, if a shopman offered to bate. Many women may take warning from this little history of Mrs. Betty Bargain, and reflect, that what to-day is a bargain, may to-morrow prove a felony.

LOVE FOR OUR CHILDREN.—Amidst misfortunes and reverses, in persecution, anguish, and reproach, we still cling to the children of our hearts, and love them the more in proportion as the world contends and frowns, and no other eyes save God's and our own look with compassion and forgiveness upon their weakness, their errors, and their adversity. The world esteems only the proud and the prosperous. It offers its incense upon the shrines of greatness, and bends a servile knee to strength and power. By the same rules it turns away from the humble, the unfortunate, and the wretched. What refuge would there then be left for many of this class, and especially the youthful and inexperienced, if nature had not provided some reliable sources of consolation, encouragement, and peace? It is not the greetings of the heartless world, of gay companions, or of perfidious friends, in whom we have trusted only to be deceived; no, it is a father or a mother's voice—which early spoke to us of love, of duty, and of heaven—which now reaches us, and would reach us, although we were cast in bondage, fettered in dungeons, or plunged in the deepest shame. It may, perhaps, be mingled with tears, and come bursting from a breaking heart, but still it soothes us in the time of desolation—it welcomes us again to life—and cheers and sustains us with the glad tidings of joy, of forgiveness, and of hope.

THE TRIALS OF A COMPLAINING WIFE.

(FOURTH CONVERSATION BETWEEN MRS. FRETWELL AND MRS. CANDID.)

By the Author of "Good Servants, Good Wives, and Happy Homes," &c., &c.

ON leaving the sick chamber and descending to the room below, the visitors found that Mary had been busily engaged in preparing the evening meal against her father's return. Everything about the fire was clean, and bright, and cheery; the kettle was singing on the bar, the tea things spread in order on the table, the arm-chair placed in readiness, and a little banter frizzling as an accompaniment to the tea. "You see how handy Mary is," said Mrs. Placid, "and how nicely she can attend to her father, and Johnny is almost as clever, for I make them all useful; while other children are playing in the roads, the greatest delight of mine is to spend their evenings with us. They take such a delight in their books; they spend hours in reading to their father and me; even little Stephy will get on his father's knee, with his book, saying, 'Daddy, let me read to you the nice lesson I learned at school to-day.'"

Mrs. Candid.—I hope your husband has kept well through this affliction.

Mrs. Placid.—Yes, I take as much care as possible to prevent him from being affected by it. Dear fellow, he has to work hard all the day, and he cannot afford to lose his rest at night. He has often wanted to take his turn in watching with the children when they were at the worst, but I wouldn't let him, for he is far from strong. When I am tired, I can lie down, and rest for half an hour, but it's not so with him; when he's at work he must keep at it until the day closes, and then, that we may not get behindhand in this affliction, he does a deal of overwork. Ah! yonder he comes, bless him! he always hastens home as soon as he can, for he says there's no place like home.

Mrs. Candid.—No wonder when you strive so much to make him comfortable.

Mrs. Placid.—Yes, I should be, I do, I should be a strange kind of a wife if I did not. If he feels happy at home, I feel quite as much so in having his company, and in seeing the children as much delighted with it as myself. When they see him coming there's such running and scampering to have the first kiss, and to be the first to tell him all the news. It's quite a scene to witness them.

Mrs. Placid hastens to the door to meet her husband.

John Placid.—Well, my lass, how are the bairns coming on? Are they still doing well?

Mrs. Placid.—Yes, they're improving fast, in another week I hope they will be able to meet you at the door.

John Placid.—Come then, let's have a kiss, one for myself, and another for them, for we owe it all to thy kind, untiring care and attention, that they're coming round so nicely; in the hands of some mothers they would all have died, most certainly. Ah! Mrs. Candid, are you here, paying us one of your kind, friendly visits. Well, there's no harm in a man's kissing and praising his own wife a bit, even if there be some one like yourself standing by. If I don't much mistake, your husband often does the same thing.

Mrs. Candid.—At any rate I've seen what you do, now I wonder, when I think what a good wife you've got.

John Placid.—She is indeed a dear, kind, good soul. I might search a long time before I found a better. I think your husband has got one as good, but with all respect, Mrs. Candid, I don't believe a better than mine can be. It's such a pleasure to come home, for there are three things I'm always sore of a smiling face, a hearty welcome, and a comfortable fire. So long as these things are always grumbling and complaining, my life is always content and happy. Some houses that I see are all disorder and dirt, and the bairns are always brawling and fighting; you see how it is here. A good wife has Jane been to me. Next to God, she has been my best friend, and guide, and counsellor. O! it's a great blessing when husband and wife are of one heart, and one mind, when they can minister to each other's spiritual as well as temporal wants, pray together, and sweetly walk to the house of God in company. This happiness is ours. We have had our difficulties and trials, but with God's blessing, and Jane's thrift, and prudence, and good management, we've always got through.

Mrs. Placid.—Now do please to stop, John, for if you go on at this rate, I must have my say as well. I'll certainly turn the table. I'll tell all about you. I'll tell Mrs. Candid know, though she knows a good deal already, what kind of a husband you are; how industrious, and kind, and considerate you are, how sober, and careful, how—

John Placid.—Nay, nay, stop my lass, no more o' this. The fact is, Mrs. Candid, we love each other, and for this reason we delight in each other, and it's our greatest pleasure to make each other happy. We've no foul looks, nor hard words, nor bitter speeches, nor peevish glumish tempers. Our bairns copy after their mother, and when we're all well, few families are happier than ours. Many can tell of more of this world's goods, but we have peace with God, and peace in the heart, and peace in the house, and that is better far than houses or land.

Mrs. Candid.—You are quite right; without the peace we have spoken of, the world's goods and pleasures are little worth. But I must now return, for my good man will be waiting, and unless I hasten home, I shall perhaps forfeit my character as a good wife; and it will be the same with my friend here, who has come with me to see your children. So good night to you both, and love to the dear little sufferers. Tell them I shall come and see them again shortly.

On leaving the house, Mrs. Fretwell and her friend walked for some time in silence, at length the former said, "Oh! Mrs. Candid, my heart is almost broken. Everything I've seen and heard in yonder house has been like a glass to show me what I am, and what I've been, and I can't bear t' sight o' mine. O! what a wicked creature I've been; what a bad mother, what a bad wife, what a bad manager; it's been all bad. I see I've been going wrong all my days, and I've been leading my children wrong, and have made my husband miserable besides. What must I do?"

Mrs. Candid.—I am glad that you are beginning to see things in their right light; without that there would be no hope of improvement. The past is to be lamented, deeply lamented, a great deal has been done that will have to be undone; but it is not too late to mend. There are bright and happy days before you, you have determination enough to enter on a right course, I've seen your courage, your sorrow, and have felt wishful to render you some service.

I thought among other things, that if I could introduce you to some such one as Mrs. Placid, and give you a specimen of a pious, loving, managing, happy family, you might see your faults, and be induced to adopt a new course of life. Now you must not take up a desponding view of your case; all that Mrs. Placid is, you may become, and your house may be rendered a scene of love, and peace, and harmony, like unto hers. The lessons you have received to night will no doubt prove humbling and painful, but they are salutary and valuable. You have been taught that religion is the true foundation of domestic happiness. You have seen how love in a family unites all hearts, and how easy and pleasant it renders every act of duty. Both these have been wanting in your case; a sad deficiency! I know nothing more pitiable or wretched in this world than a family without religion, and without love. Should you become a God-fearing woman, as I hope and pray you may, the chief cause of your past misery will be removed; you will obtain new views and feelings, new motives and springs of action, new sources of joy and strength, and instead of the gloom, and discontent, and apathy of by-gone days, you will become a bright copy of what you've just been witnessing.

Mrs. Fretwell.—Oh! Mrs. Candid, I can do nothing without your advice and help. I'm like some one in a quagmire, I can't get out by myself; unless you'll help me with both hands I'm sure I shall stick fast where I am.

Mrs. Candid.—If you're only anxious and earnest yourself to get out, I will gladly help you, as you say, with both hands. In proof that you're so, begin the work of reform at once, set about it with a hearty good-will, and to-morrow I will see you again, and spend an hour with you. In the mean time bring your case before God, and seek forgiveness of Him whom you have so grievously neglected and sinned against. Be not backward to confess your faults both to Him and your husband, and if you give this evidence of sincerity, rich blessings will be sure to follow. But here we must part. May this be the beginning of good days with you.

Mrs. Fretwell.—I thank you a thousand times for 't kindness you've shown me. Mrs. Fretwell returned home with a heart heavily

oppressed. The scenes she had witnessed in the house of Mrs. Placid, so entirely the reverse of everything which her own dwelling presented, and the counsel and remarks to which she had listened, had so completely changed the current of her thoughts and feelings, that now her customary complaints and censures, instead of being directed as usual, against others, were wholly directed against herself. Her husband had been called away, to attend to some piece of work that had to be done; children were playing about, so that for a time she was left in solitude to her own reflections.

As she sat musing on the occurrences of the afternoon, she cast her eyes around, exclaiming with a heavy sigh, "what a sorry place this looks to the nice tidy one I have just left. How is it? What's the cause o' this difference? Mrs. Placid is but a working-man's wife like myself. She's less money, and worse health than I have; the fault, then, must be in me, that's plain enough. I've been loitering when I ought to have been working; complaining o' others when I ought to have been correcting my self, making my family miserable by my ill tempers, instead o' promoting love and kindness by my own example. But it's not too late to mend, and it's said, *better late than never*. What one woman can do, surely another 't like condition, may do also. But—then—Mrs. Placid is a good, praying woman, and before I can do like her, I must become like her. Ah! it's there the work must begin. Yet I cannot mend my own heart; God alone can do that. O, may I hope that He will hear the prayer o' such a wicked creature as I am? I do remember reading 't Bible when I went to 't Sunday School, 'God shall deliver the needy when he crieth; the poor also, and him that hath no helpers'; sure enough, I'm poor, an' needy, an' helpless; then I'll try an' pray to Him. Lord, help me! Lord, take this wicked heart o' mine, an' make it new! Lord, help me to lead a new an' better life!"

These brief and broken petitions, offered up in the simplicity and sincerity of her heart, were, doubtless, heard by Him "who saith such as he of a contrite spirit," for they were followed by a gracious influence from above, inspiring her with views and feelings altogether new, and which ultimately led to a corresponding course of conduct, the very reverse of her former life. This will be best detailed in her own words in the conversation which follows.

Before the next neighbours parted, at their last interview, Mrs. Candid had promised Mrs. Fretwell that she would see her again on the following day; this was done in the hope that she might strengthen any good impression that had been made upon her mind; it was, therefore, to her much of regret, that circumstances she could not control, prevented the fulfilment of her promise until the third day after. Still greater was the disappointment to Mrs. Fretwell, who was all impatience to see the friend to whom she already felt she owed so much, and to whom she had so much to relate.

* * * If the reader wishes to know the delightful change that followed, how it took place, and the happy effects it produced, we must refer to our next number.

EDITOR

MY LITTLE SISTER.

Stacey and rosy, and bright and fair;
Finding a playfellow everywhere,
Singing and dancing, and tumbling too,
Ah! little sister, would I were you.

My little sister.

Peeking away my "scratchy old pen,"
Bidding me "play w' Winnie,"
Rumpling my hair with caressing hands,
Bidding my will in soft love's own band,

My little sister.

Bidding "old pussy" stand on her tail,
Highly delighted that pussy should fail;
Clapping her hands at the bird's blithe song,
Living in sunshine the whole day long.

My little sister.

AFTER.

She is dead, our little sister,
Long ago;
Ever since our hearts have missed her,
But we know
That her joy doth evermore increase—
That we need not bid her rest in peace.

It is we who need it rather,
We who go
Through the storm cloud, ever farther,
Blind and slow,
But we know the darkness will decrease,
And we, too, shall safely "rest in peace."

SADIE.

The British Workwoman, OUT AND AT HOME.

"I BELIEVE THAT ANY IMPROVEMENT WHICH COULD BE BROUGHT TO BEAR ON THE MOTHERS, WOULD EFFECT A GREATER AMOUNT OF GOOD THAN ANYTHING THAT HAS YET BEEN DONE."—*Earl Shaftesbury.*

SOCIAL DEPENDENCE.

The wisdom of God is abundantly manifest in all our relations to each other. "It is not good for man to dwell alone." And therefore is he surrounded by all the pleasant and softening influences of the Home and Hearth—of family ties, and social rights; therefore, around the Homes in which he dwells, cluster such fond thoughts and happy memories, such high resolves and holy duties.

It is time that we banished from our thoughts the idea that life is a sombre and a dreary thing, a time given over to the harsh hands of sorrow, and care, and disappointment. It is intended by the great Author of it, to be bright and beautiful, and happy; replete with a thousand joys, tended with a multiplicity of affections. But we cannot find all this joy of life in ourselves, *we are dependent one upon the other* for all that can make the days pleasant and the years full of good. We may not wrap ourselves in the mantle of selfishness, and consider that we are beholden to no others for our necessities. However proudly we may think of ourselves, as individuals, we are surprisingly helpless. Only "Union is strength." As nations, as citizens, as members of families we are dependent one upon another.

Many claims arise out of our social dependence. We must give as well as take. It will not do to expect others to watch for our needs and wishes, while we refuse to give to them the tender solicitude which we desire for ourselves. Those households are the happiest ones where every member contributes to the general good; where the children and the parents are as willing to recognise the claims of others as their own.

The father is dependent. Although he is the head and governor, although the means of subsistence come through his hands, and he is the law giver at home, still his wife, and his sons and daughters can make him either happy or miserable, according to the bent of their characters and pursuits. If there be a clean and cheerful house, a well cooked meal with clean knives and forks, and shiny plates, if there be a smile on the face of his wife, and a few merry words from his blooming daughters, how light is the man's heart, how easily he forgets the toils of the day in the pleasures of the evening. But if on the other hand his comfort be disregarded at home, if he is teased by graphic descriptions of all the little vexations which have come in his absence, if he is scolded for being late, blamed for having accidentally torn his coat, and so on, he cannot be a happy man, though his negotiations in the world shall have been eminently successful. The father's dependence should be greatly respected and provided for.

The mother is dependent. Is not her life full of care, and too conversant with sorrow? With what thoughtful brow does she step about the home in which she is the light and life, and gladness. All the responsibility of the training of the children devolves upon her. She is the nurse and manager, the doctor and the comforter,

she is, in fact, everything, at home. But for her own personal happiness, she is dependent upon the kindness and thoughtfulness of the other members of the family. If her husband is angry, and peevish, and discontented, sneering at "woman's work," as if his alone were difficult and hard, finding fault with everything, and praising nothing, she may be a good woman, but she cannot be a very happy one. If her daughters are always dressing finely, and going about the streets, without trying to lighten her cares; if her sons expect her to clean their shoes, and wait upon them, while she is weak and weary, and they are robust and strong, she is a very ill-used woman, although she never utters a word of complaint. As all are so dependent upon the mother, all should strive to contribute to her happiness in every possible way.

The brother is dependent. How much he requires of food and attention and amusement.

and wise advice by helping, and encouraging her in all that is good, by pleasantly and courteously deprecating all that is wrong.

It must be confessed that some self-denial is required always to meet cheerfully and promptly, the needs and wishes of others. If we want a motive, and this is not the highest that might actuate us, let us remember that our attentions will not be needed long. A little while, and those whom we love will not depend upon us any longer. Soon they will be wrapped away from our sight, in the arms of death. And then, O what we would not give to have no misgivings, no regrets, but to feel that we were kind and attentive, and self-sacrificing to the departed.

CHAPTERS ABOUT THE WORKS OF GOD.

CHAPTER IV.

PLANTS; OR, THE EARTH'S CARPET.

Is not the earth made beautiful by the plants and the trees which grow all over it. How different it would be if the hills rose up quite bare and dry, and the fields and valleys had nothing to cover the hard and barren rock. But now, wherever we look, there are beautiful flowers and herbs, and quantities of rich grass covering the ground like a soft carpet of many shades of colour. The way in which all these plants live and grow, is very wonderful, and quite worth thinking about a little.

We will first consider what the root does for in the life of the plant. It stretches down firmly into the earth and fixes the plant there, so that it cannot be blown about and destroyed. It also sucks up the water from the soil, and with the water, whatever substance it may hold dissolved in it, which will help to nourish the plant. The stem is the road by which the food and nutriment is able to reach the top of the plant, and cause it to put forth buds and leaves. But how does it travel up through the plant? The root, stem, leaves, and every part of the plant is formed of tiny little hollow parts called cells, which contain within them a rather thick fluid. All plants; the tall trees and the small herbs and vegetables and the beautiful flowers of the garden, are alike formed of these little cells. Generally they are round, but sometimes they are long shaped, and sometimes flat. It is by these cells that the plant is enlarged, as every one can constantly formed, it grows. The outer green skin of the leaf is formed of flat cells, and it is these, which, in the nettle, contain the juice which irritates us so when we squeeze it. Now it is in the cells of which the whole plant is formed, that its life and growth depend. They have to receive the water and other nourishment from the soil and the air, and pass it up through the plant to feed it and keep it healthy. The way, the water, which the thick fluid in the cells which is called sap, and then the cells pass the whole upwards from one to the other through the stem, till it reaches the leaves and blossoms of the plant. When the plant has drawn in more water than it needs, it gives it out again to the air through the leaves.

And now we will look at the leaves and see what they do. Light and air are necessary for their life, therefore they grow on those parts of the plant which live above the ground. It is only by being in contact with the air, that they help to preserve the health of the plant, for, as I just said, it is through them that the air draws off the moisture which the plant has received, and which is more than it needs. But how can they do this? Just in this way. The leaf is covered on the outside with an immense number of very small holes, little mouths; and it is through these that the air sucks up the moisture. The air will drink up from all the months in the leaves of one tree in ten hours, as much as fifteen pints of water. Now you see why houses must be damp which are very near a great number of trees. This is one of the ways in which the air is supplied with moisture, to form clouds and pour down the rain again when the earth is dry. The flowers and trees when they have received the blessing from the air, give back what they do not need, that they may be carried away to do good to other places. When the air has drawn off the excess of water from the leaves, the sap or fluid in the cells begins to flow down again through the plant, to nourish it and make it grow. But the moisture in the leaves do even more than give out the water. Plants breathe the air, and it is through these months that they do it, as we cannot live

What is that, Mother?

What is that, Mother?—The lark, my child!—
The morn has but just looked out and smiled,
When he starts from his humble grassy nest,
And is up and away, with the dew on his breast,
And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure, bright sphere,
To warble it out in his Maker's ear.

Ever, my child, be thy morn's first lays,
Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise.

What is that, mother?—The dove my son!—
And that low, sweet voice, like a widow's moan,
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
Constant and pure, by that lonely nest,
As the wave is poured from some crystal urn,
For her distant dear one's quick return:

Ever, my son, be thou like the dove,
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.

What is that, mother?—The eagle boy!—
 Proudly carering his course of joy;
 Firm, on his own mountain vigour relying,
 Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying,
 His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,
 He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on.

Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine,
Onward, and upward, and true to the line.

What is that, mother?—The swan my love!—
 He is floating down from his native grove,
 No loved one now, no nesting nigh,
 He is floating down by himself to die;
 Death darkens his eye, and unphumes his wings,
 Yet his sweetest song is the last he sings.

LIVE SO, MY LOVE, THAT WHEN DEATH SHALL COME,
SWAN-LIKE AND SWEET, IT MAY WALTZ THREE HOME.

GEORGE W. DOANE.

There is little fear but that the mother looks after him well. How careful she is that his linen be aired, and his boots waterproof, and his coat warm. But perhaps his sisters rather disregard his wants. "Oh, he can do it himself, let him." It is bad to see sisters neglecting their brother, caring nothing if he is well and happy, or the reverse. It is pleasant when they are willing to give up an evening or two to him, when they read or sing to him, go out for a walk with him, strive to interest his friends; and are altogether as agreeable to their brother, as they are to some other young men we could name.

The sister is dependent. And her claims are too often overlooked. Brothers are not too attentive to her generally. She is expected to be at every one's disposal, and to be not too particular about her own wants. But much good may be done by a little kindly attention,

without breathing, so it is with the plant; if we were to give it no air at all, it would droop and fade, and gradually die. As long as it lives it never ceases to breathe, these little mouths are always drawing in the air, and breathing it out again. And the leaves are so full of them that, in every square inch of a leaf, there are as many as 360 of these little pores. In this way all the leaves hang out in the air and the light, and by means of their thousands of mouths, breathe the air into the plant to feed it, as well as helping to keep up the supply of moisture in the air by giving out the water.

One of the most wonderful parts of the plants is the seed. If we were to take a seed just formed, and put it away for five, ten, or twenty years, and then put it in the ground at the end of that time, it would commence growing just as it would have done if we had sown it when first it was formed. Some years ago there were found a few little grains of corn, and some peas buried with a dead body in Egypt. They were brought to England and sown, and though they seemed quite dry and shrivelled, they sprouted and grew up into fine wheat and pea plants. It was supposed that they had been buried three thousand years before, that is, in the time of Moses. From one poppy seed there would spring in four years enough poppies to cover all that little thing as a seed is now imbedded. From one single grain of wheat, it is said that in eight years would spring corn sufficient to feed all the millions of people on the earth for as long a time as one year and a half. But when we sow a seed in the ground, how is it that it grows and produces a new plant? The seed dies, but as it dies it gives out life by shooting forth at one end a little tender twig, which grows up stronger and stronger, and pushes through the earth till it shows above it as a little green blade. This goes on growing larger, and putting out stalks, leaves, buds, and flowers. "First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear." (Mark iv. 28.) How wonderful it is that from such a little thing as a seed should spring up the large plant. Just think of the great oak whose heavy trunk rises up so high towards the sky, and whose branches spread out so far into the air on either side; and this large tree was entirely formed from one little acorn not one inch in length, which fell into the ground.

How much care and wisdom it requires to keep one little plant alive and well. It has to be supplied with all the necessary food from the soil and the air; and all the little cells with their sap, and the leaves with their thousands of mouths must be kept healthy and able to perform their part, or the plant would quickly die. And then think of the thousands of plants there are all over the world, in the gardens and the fields, on the hills and by the hedges, and all these are every moment being kept alive and beautiful by God. Look at Matt. vi. 28. There Christ is speaking to the people, and He says: "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." It is not by any toil or labour of their own that they are kept constantly provided with all they need, and look so beautiful and gay; it is by the continual power and will of God. Then the verses go on to show that if God cares so much for the poor vestishing plants, and bestows so much attention on them, though they will only last for such a little time, and then fade and wither away, and be seen no more, it should make us trust in Him that He will care for us. He is our Father, and provide us with the food and other things which we need when we are of so much more value than they, and are made to live for ever. "Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" Who you are anxious, thinking you cannot supply your wants, and have all the things you need; then think of the little flowers, and how God watches over them and cares for them, and remember that if He takes so much care of them, He will surely take as much care of you, and not leave you to want.

MARY.

IMPROVING IN VIRTUE.—The best and most effectual way to improve in virtue is, to correct those faults which are inimicable to virtue, but friendly to vice; in the same manner, we create beauties by removing deformities.

INDOLENCE.—If you ask me which is the real hereditary sin in nature, do you imagine I shall answer pride, or luxury, or ambition, or egotism? No; I should say, Indolence. Those who conquer indolence, will conquer all the rest.

"I PUGHT THEE MY TROTH."

"MARRIAGE is honourable to all." Our pious forefathers did well to call it the "Holy Estate of Matrimony." We do not account it as a sacrament as does the Church of Rome. We know but of two ordinances especially set forth by our Saviour, as identified with Christianity—namely, Baptism and the Lord's Supper. But we are still disposed to regard a marriage service as a very sacred ceremony. It was God—not man—who instituted Marriage; it was God's own Son who sat a guest at Cana's wedding feast; it was God's own Holy Spirit who inspired the beautiful instructions which are given in St. Paul's Epistle to wives and to husbands, and who has condescended to employ the figure of a marriage supper to set forth the glories of the redeemed.

Do you think of marriage in this light? Do you count the return of your wedding day as a holy anniversary, which you keep, as the good Germans do, your twenty-fifth as a silver, your fiftieth as a golden wedding?

You remember the days when He came wooing. Was it in country parts—did you wander together

when it was all over, such as you had never known before.

Hard times have come since then, and trials, many and sore. But have you ever been true to your vow—do you love Him now as you loved Him then. Granted he is not what he was. Rough work and a rugged path, worst of all, had companions and strong friends have changed him for the worse—but you still love, cherish, and obey—is it so? Often the trial is heavy, and you are tempted to give up—tempted to repine—tempted to look with bitterness on your lot, but the old scene in the church has come back to you, the old voices have sounded in your ears, "O, Eternal God, send thy blessing upon these thy servants, this man and this woman, whom we bless in Thy name, that as Isaac and Rebecca lived faithfully together, so these persons may surely perform and keep the vow and covenant, betwixt them made (whereof this ring given and received is token and pledge) and may ever remain in perfect love and peace together." You have looked on your wedding-ring, and your wondering, troubled heart, has been quieted.

Yes, say you, I have looked on my ring, and remember my vow, but I have had no cause for sorrow.

He has been to me the best of husbands, and we love each other every day more and more. Thank God for it—give Him the praise—may you long live prosperously and happily together, and when the parting comes, may it be but for a season, may you in God's good time be restored to each other in that land where they neither marry, nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels of God.

SUNDAY THINKINGS, TO BRIGHTEN WORK-DAY TOILS.

Sunday, 4th September, 1864.

"O COME, LET US WORSHIP AND BOW DOWN; LET US KNEEL BEFORE THE LORD."
—Psalm xcvi. 6, 7.

Yes, I will worship God my Maker, my Redeemer. It is meet that the sheep He has sought and found, has laid out His shoulder, and feeds with "His hand," as one brought up tenderly by Him, should love and adore Him. I will worship with my body and my spirit, which are both His. Kneeling down, bowing low before Him, is the worship of the body. Heart-spoken prayer is the worship of the spirit.

But how shall I dare come into the presence of the "High and lofty One, who inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy," and I, who am but dust and ashes, unholily, and vile? By the blood of Jesus I am brought nigh to God, I have access into the holiest. He is my High Priest. He has made reconciliation for sins, through the blood of His cross, therefore I come boldly to the throne of grace (Eph. ii. 18; Heb. x. 19—22; Heb. ii. 17; Heb. iv. 14—16; Col. i. 20).

When I come, what shall I say to Him? I know not what to pray for as I ought. "The Spirit helpeth our infirmities," asking for us according to the will of God. So I must not pray of my own mind alone, but seek the Holy Spirit's help; praying in the Holy Ghost," (John 14; Eph. vi. 18).

Prayer is the Holy Spirit speaking in our hearts, so as to be heard in heaven; and the Bible is the Holy Spirit speaking from heaven, so as to be heard in our hearts. By these two, Prayer and the Bible, God and man converse together: man speaks, and God answers. This is communion. 2 Cor. xiii. 14 (See Exodus xxxiii. 11; Genesis xli. 8.) Do I thus commune with God daily? It is sweetly solemn to open the Bible and hear God speak, to kneel down and speak to God.

But why should I pray? Why should I tell my wants to God, when He already knows them all? Because by telling Him, I own that He alone can supply them, that He is possessor of heaven and earth," is "the most high God." And this is worship. So then a day without prayer, is a day without worship, without God; spent like the beasts, who are daily fed by Him, but worship not. The cause, man will not. "I will worship and praise Thy name." "Evening and morning, and at noon, will I pray and cry aloud, and Thou shalt hear my voice." And while worshipping Him, I unburden my own heart of all its load of cares and griefs and fears, giving them all over into the hand of my Shepherd, who has undertaken the care of me. Oh, the heavy hearts that never unburden them-



"I PUGHT THEE MY TROTH."

near the old homestead, beneath the light of the harvest moon? Did you pass many a pleasant hour when the day's work was done—down the green lanes where blackberries and filberts ripen? Do you recall the quiet whisper of love—soft as the breath of summer, sweet as the scent of roses!—ah, me, those words are not to be forgotten. What a happy time it was when He was received at home, and the preparations for your wedding were on bravely with much of harmless mirth. And then the wedding day—what if the wedding were not so grand as the squire's, it was just as happy—there were those you loved about you, and your heart trembled with joy and your eyes filled with joyous tears, as you placed your hand in his, and repeated after the dear old minister, who has taught you, since you were a little child, the way to heaven, "I take thee to be my wedded husband, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for rich, for poorer, in sickness, and in health, to love, cherish, and to obey till death do us part, according to God's holy ordinance, and thereto I give thee my troth."

Yes! you felt it was God's ordinance, and you knelt reverently in prayer, and felt a quiet happiness

selves upon the Lord! How dull and hard they become under the pressing weight of care.

How I love to worship God with my body only, kneeling down and letting my lips move with words which my heart had not spoken. "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him, must worship Him in spirit and in truth." Lord Jesus, teach me to pray, make me a "true worshiper," that when I see Father seeketh such to worship Him, He may find me. John iv. 20-24.

Sunday, 14th September, 1864.

"THROUGH HIM (CHRIST JESUS) WE BOTH HAVE ACCESS BY ONE SPIRIT UNTO THE FATHER."—Eph. ii. 18.

How shall I pray? As a forgiven child to my Father in heaven. The Spirit of his Son Jesus will speak in my heart, crying, Father; for did not Jesus say when He had finished the statement, "My Father and your Father." We have not received the Spirit of bondage again to fear, but the Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father. The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God. "We have access by one Spirit unto the Father."

And when I pray, I need not think of God as very far away amongst the angels and archangels on His throne, so that I cannot come near Him, or make my feeble voice reach Him. No, I will think of Jesus, who let the woman who was a sinner, wash His feet with his tears, and wipe them with her hair; who let the woman of Canaan come to Him for her child, and the Centurion for His servant, and who was displeased with the disciples for not telling Him their little care when they had no bread, because they had gone on the ship, and forgotten to take any. I will think of them, and many more, and then pray to "this same Jesus" who is here, my Emmanuel, God with me. In seeing Him I see the Father; in speaking to Him, I speak to the Father, in coming to Him, I come through Him to God. John xiv. 6-11.

I will tell Him all—everything, the long great sorrow of my life; the deep pressing care or fear that weighs like lead on my heart, and the little vexation of to-day, the lightest care, as I yet a child. In present moment. If untold to Him, it frets a little rent in the inner life of my soul; if told, it binds my life with His in blessed union.

Every prayer I put into the hands of Jesus, will go up before the throne of God, for He is the mediator between God and man. 1 Tim. ii. 5. He has His increase to the prayer of the saints, and the smoke of the incense, with the prayers of the saints, ascends up before God out of His hand. Rev. vii. 4, 5. What is the incense? It is the "sweet savour" of His sacrifice, when He gave Himself for us, and He ever liveth to bring it before God in heaven, making intercession for us. Through this sweet savour of His atonement, this incense of His intercession for us sinners, our prayers do really go up to the very throne of God, and please Him.

"We have such an High Priest who is set on the right hand of the throne of the Majesty in the heavens." And before He was received up into the heavens, He left us this promise, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, who shall ask the Father in my name, He will give it you." "If ye shall ask anything in my name, I will do it." And all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive," (also see John xv. 7-16). They who put it to the proof, find Him faithful who hath promised. Try it.

Sunday, 18th September, 1864.

"IN EVERYTHING BY PRAYER AND SUPPLICATION WITH THANKSGIVING, LET YOUR REQUESTS BE MADE KNOWN TO GOD."—Eph. vi. 6, 7.

"In everything by prayer." What a large thing prayer is. It has many parts. I want to come to God, like the wanderer who came home and said, "Father, I have sinned!" This is confession. Or like the blind man who, out of the depth of their great need, cried, "Jesus, have mercy on me." This is supplication. Or like Jairus, who came for his little girl, or the mother of Canaan for her daughter, or the two sisters for their sick brother, I want to come for others and say, "Lord, be thou to him sick." Jesus, have mercy on my daughter; Father, forgive, cleanse, save, for Jesus died." This is intercession. Or, again, like the cleansed leper, who turned back to lay his answered prayer a second time at Jesus' feet in praise, I want to give Him thanks because He has heard my cry. I confessed my sin, and He forgave. I told my need, and He supplied. I interceded for others and He granted. The prayer that went up a groan mingled with tears, God has given back to me a song of Thanksgiving, and my joy is full (Eccl. v. 20; John xvi. 24; Psalm xl. 1-3). "In everything by prayer with thanksgiving."—Eph. vi. 6.

Sometimes my prayer may be only one of these. Through the busy hours of the day there comes a strong temptation, some sudden dread, or fear, and I cry, "Lord, save me! Jesus send help." Or a stain of sin is on my conscience, the sense of it hardens my heart, and I entreat Him, "cleanse me

from my sin, wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." Or my heart aches for the sorrow of some loved one, or is anxious for the absent one, far away over the seas; or trembles at the sin I see done yet cannot hinder, and then ease comes in that fervent word of prayer—that quick, upward, faith-giving, which finds Him, and casts its burden on the Lord. The separate parts of prayer, which should be over on His lips throughout each day, often return at once in answer, like an arrow shot up into the sky, which falls back instantly at our feet. "While they are yet speaking I will hear." And then our mouth is filled with praise, "Father, I thank Thee that thou hast heard me."

Or our prayer may be the lengthened one, containing all these parts, in the calm of the early morning, or the quiet of the evening twilight, or the stillness of the midnight hour, or the moments released from the mid-day hurry, that the soul may have rest and food, as well as the body.

But highest, sweetest, holiest of all, there is communion; when the soul leans, like John, on the Redeemer's bosom, and the speech is used all mind and all His, but He speaks and lets me answer. There is converse. It is "I and Thou." He says, "Let me see Thy face, let me hear thy voice," and the soul adoringly replies, "It is the voice of my beloved." "When thou sittest, seek ye my face, my heart said unto Thee, Thy face Lord will I seek."

Sunday, 25th September, 1864.

"CONTINUE IN PRAYER, AND WATCH IN THE SAME MANNER WITH THANKSGIVING."—Col. iv. 2.

Do I pray? Is my heart near to God in prayer, or is it only lip honour I bring Him? I do "see His face with joy" day by day while I am waiting here for my far-off home in the skies? (See Job xxxiii. 26; Isaiah xxxiii. 17.) Love must frame the prayer in the heart. Faith must give wings to it, up. The name of Jesus must be its pass-word into the presence-chamber of the most high God. Then my "prayer-words" will be "power-words," and the answer that I watch for will surely come; here, how, perhaps, after many days, it may be, like the arrow which sometimes flies far, far away, and is found long years after, piercing the heart of some distant tree. Or if not here, there, when I, too, have passed in whither my prayer has so often gone before me—before the throne of God, I shall see the vision of full of olden, the prayers of saints laid up in safety, not one lost but all turned into everlasting songs (Prov. v. 8-14).

Do I "continue in prayer?" When He answers not a word, can I "continue" in the face of that silence? (Matt. xv. 28-29.) Will He seem to "watch?" God's elect "cry day and night to Him." Have I this mark of being one of His "own elect?" How strangely things seem to hinder and turn me from prayer; or I seem to pray into the air, or to feel dead, and there is no God listening. I cannot find Him, cannot see Him "who is invisible" (Heb. xi. 24; Luke xxiv. 15, 16, 31; 2 Kings vi. 17).

This I know is partly my own evil heart is so averse to prayer. But I think there is more in it than that—

The weakest saint upon his knees.

And he will shut our mouth, or turn our prayer into emptiness, if he can. I will watch, therefore, and not yield to the temptation to be short and hasty in prayer, or to neglect it. A day without prayer is a heavy wearisome day, and at night I cannot find Him. But a day which has been "all prayer" glides easily as on oiled wheels, and brings a night that is all peace beneath the eye that, unslumbering, watches while I sleep, and a morning that is all praise. I shall not feel that I am still with Him. Ever let my waking thoughts be "bright with Thy praise," my first words in the morning be a thanksgiving to Thee, my God. "My voice shalt Thou hear sometimes in the morning." Do I pray believingly? (Matt. xxi. 2.) Can I read words from God? Only by faith. What is faith? Taking God at His word. He has promised—I believe Him. My faith stretches out and lays hold of the promise, and it is no longer but a promise; in the hand of my faith it has become the thing promised (Heb. x. 1). Faith is the hand of the soul. The moment we stretch out faith to God, God gives. When we draw faith in again, God does not give. He cannot, because we hold out nothing to receive from Him (Mark vi. 5, 6). Lord, I believe. Increase my faith. I will stretch out my hand. Savour a hard hand of faith. He will bountifully fill. He ever gives like a king—"exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." And He loves His children to come as princes (Job xxxi. 37; Genesis xxxiii. 28). Not for beggarly gifts, as though He could be so tempted, but for their good, knowing that in "His riches in glory" there is "enough and to spare." "According to your faith be it unto you." "Ask and it shall be given you." "Every one that asketh receiveth." "Ye have not because ye ask not." "Ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full."—John i. 14; 1 John v. 1-13; Luke x. 1-13; Luke xvi. 1-14; 1 John v. 14-16.

SONNET.—THE SLAVE.

"Who shall avenge the slave?" I stood and cried;
"The earth, the earth!" the echoing sea replied.
I turned me to the ocean, but the wave
Declined to be the avenger of the slave.
"Who shall avenge the slave?" my spirit cried.
"The winds, the winds, the lightning of the sky!"
I turned to these—from them an echo ran—
"The right avenger of the slave is man!"
Man was my fellow, in his sight I stood,
Wept and besought him by the voice of blood;
Sternly, he looked, as proud on earth he trod,
Then said, "The avenger of the slave is God!"
I looked in prayer to heaven—awhile 'twas still,
And then methought God's voice replied, "I will."

THE DYING GIRL.

I go to the Spirits' land,
I go to the gushing streams;
I go to the bright and sunny land,
That haunt our childhood's dreams:
I hear the sound of the harp's full tones,
I feel its perfumed air;
I go to the home of all lovely ones,
To the home of praise and prayer.
The sound of music's strings,
Seems murmuring o'er me now,
And the breeze, as from a bright bird's wings,
Comes playing me in earthly thrall,
It breathes o'er my fevered cheek
With a soft and pleasant thrill,
And my spirit seems hushed, and bowed, and meek,
Like the breath from a summer's rill.

Farewell! ye weep in vain,
Your tears are fruitless all;
I burst with an angel's wand the chain
Which bound me in earthly thrall,
And I go to the Spirits' land,
I see the summer streams;
I join the radiant and happy band
That haunted my childhood's dreams. F. K.

THE FRENCH WOMEN.

It were injustice to the French Woman not to state that to her is due a considerable measure of that absence of wretchedness and poverty which characterises the streets of Paris. Call her, if you choose, and as some do, frivolous, or as others, deceitful, she has a taste and sense of propriety which would make her ashamed to show herself with an unwashed face, or send forth her husband or children with a rag on their backs or a hole in their dress. In Paris and elsewhere you may see people with mended, but none with ragged clothes; so that while we came to Brittany, where the people are as remarkable for their Popish bigotry, and deep drinking, and dreadful swearing, as for their antique and picturesque costumes, we almost never saw a French woman with a rag on her back or a spot on her face; and even here, the women, speaking of them generally, as they ply the distaff while they tend their cows in the field, or walk the roads knitting, or sit at their windows sewing, show a tidiness that is as remarkable as their industry. In fact, for neatness of attire, respect for personal appearance, beauty in herself and in her family, and habits of industry, the French woman is a pattern to the world. Scarcely ever do you find them what the Scotch people call *hand-ide*, and slatterns never. The girl who keeps a shop is busy with some piece of work when customers do not require her attention. The woman who sits by her stall on the open street, with her feet on a box of lighted charcoal to keep them warm, is usually sewing or knitting; and only lifts her head from her work to say, when she becomes aware of your presence, *Que voulez-vous, Monsieur?* And but yesterday, in walking through the weekly market at Quimper where the Breton women sat all tidily attired, with towers and wings of snowy linen on their heads, and on a table before them the produce of their dairy in curiously carved rats and pillars of fine-cute butter, I was greatly struck with the spectacle of industry which the scene presented. Hardly one not engaged with a customer, but was busy with wire or needle—alively as well as pleasant spectacle, for their tongues went as fast as their tools. I have seen in the humble houses of our own country how a taste for tidiness and habits of industry will throw over poverty itself a decent appearance; and characterised as the French woman is by these, to her may be in some measure attributed that happy absence of the appearance of extreme and abject wretchedness which distinguishes the streets of Paris.—("The Streets of Paris.") *Good Words*.

CONFESSIONS OF A FORTUNE TELLER; OR, THE HISTORY OF SALLY COOPER.

Edited by the Author of "Recreation and Usefulness."

CHAPTER III.

"**Do you see or hear anything more of the lady who took such a sudden fancy for you, Sally?**" asked Mrs. Debbert, as the old woman prepared to reënter her recital.

"Oh yes, ma'am," replied Sally. "Her name was Graceley. She and her husband had just come to settle in the neighbourhood, and she was very kind to the poor, visited them in their cottages, and tried to get them to send their children to school."

"Did she come again to your camp?"

"No, ma'am! I do not remember that she did; but one day I met her, and she told me that if I liked to go to school, she would give me a nice new frock and pinafore, and bonnet; and that if I tried to be a good honest little girl, she would always be a friend to me."

"Where you tempted to go to school, Sally?"

"I just went a few times, ma'am, but I had to run away without letting my mother know where I was going. She could not bear the thought of my getting my head full of book-learning, which she said was all stuff and trash. And indeed, I could not endure to be pent up in a room. I always felt as if I should suffocate, when I was confined within four walls, especially if it was summer time. But Mrs. Graceley was not in the least impatient or angry with me on this account. She often asked me into her house, and gave me fruit and sweetmeats."

"But what did her husband say? Did he become more reconciled to your tribe?"

"I do not think he knew of my going, ma'am. I scarcely ever saw him, as he was away from home a great deal, about some kind of business, and she always told me to go at one particular hour."

"Do you think they ever continued to believe in gipsy charms and spells?" asked Mrs. Debbert.

"I do not think Mrs. Graceley did," replied Sally. "She used often to talk to me very seriously against lying, and deceit, and sometimes read to me from a large book, which I now suppose was the Bible, about *truth in the inward parts*, and justice, and uprightness, and integrity, and such things. But Mr. Graceley, I am sure, kept his belief in them, and for my mother's power to harm him," and this he showed very clearly once when on the magistrate's bench."

Here Sally proceeded to relate that the gipsies were accused of having set fire to some wheat stacks, and causing the destruction of much property; also of taking advantage of the hurry and confusion, when the neighbouring houses were almost emptied of their contents, to steal various articles of plate and jewellery. They broke up their camp immediately after the occurrence, and, before the next morning dawned, no traces remained of them or their tents, save the ashes left by their fires, and a few fragments, bones, and tattered remains of worn-out garments, too old and ragged any longer to hold together.

Sally's mother and father, however, it appeared, had been absent for a day or two, with Sally, on some private predatory excursion, and, contrary to the expectation of the rest, returned to the scene of the late encampment, only to find it abandoned. It had been expected, by their companions, that they would be returning by the road which they themselves were about to take, and that they should meet them. Such, however, was not the case, and when Sally and her father and mother reached the spot, where they expected to find everybody and everything as they had left it, a day or two before, they were met by a party of constables, who had been sent to see if any of the gipsies remained, with orders to arrest all whom they might find in or near the locality. Thus Sally and her mother and father saw themselves prisoners on a charge of being concerned with others in setting fire to the corn stacks, and pillooting property, which had been hastily removed from premises supposed to be in danger. They had, in fact, been as deeply concerned in the plot as the rest, though, owing to their absence, they had taken no part in its execution. Indeed, Sally believed that the scheme had originated with her father. So far as she could recollect, he had had a violent quarrel with the owner of the stacks, and had threatened to be revenged upon him. The latter had, in consequence, prohibited him, or any one belonging to him, from setting foot on or near his

farm. Previously to this, the gipsies had been employed in various trifling services, such as hunting and destroying vermin, executing little commissions with the knacker, the farrier, or the blacksmith; and his wife and child had been in the habit of receiving broken food, skimmed milk, or old garments, from the farmer's wife. He was now so bitterly offended and enraged against the farmer, that, without explaining the cause of his displeasure, he contrived to excite the treacherous and revengeful spirit of his fellows, and get them to promise to help him in his scheme of vengeance. An opportunity for effecting it occurred sooner than had been anticipated, and the gipsies took advantage of it, at once, without awaiting the return of their companion. As we have said, the Coopers were arrested, consigned to prison for the night, and taken before the magistrates next morning.

Upon being questioned, they solemnly avowed that they had been away from the neighbourhood, and knew nothing of what had taken place, and that they were then informed and accused of the crime. Seeing that their assertions of innocence produced little effect, they grew desperate; and Polly Cooper, Sally's mother, began to indulge most freely in the art of cursing, in which she was quite an adept.

"The fiend take you all!" exclaimed she, vehemently, "for a lying, proud, malevolent set! You shall remember the day, my fine sirs, when you shut up honest people in prison, and turned the key upon them for nothing at all!"

"Be still, woman!" exclaimed one of the magistrates, sternly; "it will go all the worse with you if you let your tongue run on at this rate."

"Who are you, I wonder, to command me to be still, you insolent son of the old one," returned Polly. "May all the evils of perdition rest upon you! May you, your wife and children, and everything belonging to you, wither and die, May you—"

At that moment the magistrate was the special object of her malediction, was hastily called away by a messenger, who informed him that his presence was required elsewhere. The prisoners were remanded, in order that further evidence might be obtained, and sent back to their cells.

Upon their next appearance, Mr. Graceley, who had on the first occasion been absent, was seen upon the magisterial bench. He turned round at sight of the woman, whose supernatural power, he believed, had first cursed, and then cured his horse, and was evidently ill-at-ease, while one of his brother magistrates was reading the notes taken down at the previous examination. Polly Cooper, too, recognised him, and had commenced one of her customary traillies, when Mr. Graceley exclaimed:

"Hush, my good woman, stop! It does not appear, from the depositions which have just been read, that either you, or your husband, or little girl, were concerned in this business."

He then turned round and whispered with his brother magistrates, who assented to what he said. "Yes, yes; let them be set at liberty," said the gentleman, who was the special object of Polly's attack the day before. "Send them away at once," he exclaimed, apparently quite relieved at the prospect of getting rid of them, and seemingly a prey to grief, which he subsequently explained, as being caused by the death of one of his children the day before.

Orders were given to liberate the gipsies, but Mr. Graceley sent to speak with them privately, before they quitted the court-house. He then repeated his conviction of their innocence, and assured the woman that it had been at his instance that the other magistrates had agreed to their being set at liberty, instead of being sent back to prison to await their trial at the sessions. It was most evident that he wished to pacify and propitiate his old acquaintance, lest she should carry out the threats which she had previously uttered against him. After talking with her for some time, Mr. Graceley said:

"But my good friend, though you are, as I believe, innocent of this charge, yet I think you can help us to discover the guilty parties, can you not?"

"To be sure I can, if I like," replied the woman; "but it is not likely that I should take the trouble for nothing."

"Certainly not," returned the magistrate, "You shall be well rewarded if you are the means of bringing the offenders to justice. We will send as many of our men with you as you may wish, if you will."

"Your men, truly! What do I want with your men, do you think? No, thank you! I have invisible agents at my command, and want none of your stupid meddling blockheads, who know no better than to bring up an innocent man, woman, and child, before you."

"Well, well, my friend," said Mr. Graceley, alarmed lest she should indulge in a fresh burst of indignation and abuse, "make use of the means that seem to you the most suitable; only help us to bring the offenders to justice, as soon as possible."

"If my charos do not find them out, Mr. Magistrate, and give them into your power before this time next week, I give you leave to think that a gipsy has no more control over spirits and destiny, than you poor ignorant, awkward, house-dolt," said Polly, as she took her departure with her husband and child.

Having regained their liberty, Sally's father and mother hastened to join their companions, from whom they learned all particulars of the fire and theft. All the gipsies felt it very important to divert suspicion from themselves, and turn it into another channel. The scene of their late encampment was centrally and conveniently situated for them, but, of course, could no longer be a safe resort, while the charge against them was generally believed in the neighbourhood. They therefore resolved to lay the blame elsewhere. Polly Cooper enquired through whom, or what it was, that suspicion had fallen upon the gipsies. She was told that Joe Smith, the village tailor, met the men who fired the stacks just as they were quitting the farm-yard, and it was in consequence of his statements, that orders were given to take into custody any gipsies who could be found.

With regard to the stolen property, she learned that some of it had already been converted into money, and that the remainder was still in the hands of those who had taken it. They now agreed to carry a portion of it to Joe Smith's garden at night, and there bury it. Then Sally's mother was to call upon Mr. Graceley, and tell him she had discovered, by means of her spells, that the tailor, who accused the gipsies, was himself the guilty party, and that if search was made, some of the plunder would be discovered on his premises, the rest, no doubt, having been already made away with. This diabolical scheme was carried out to the letter. The poor tailor, who was unable to prove his innocence, was, consequently, condemned to suffer the punishment which the wicked gipsies deserved.

Here then was an exemplification of the evils attendant upon superstition. That it is not true that the magistrates were overawed by the gipsy woman's pretended power to harm them by her curses, they would have investigated the case more calmly and patiently, and punishment would have fallen where it was deserved. Not Mr. Graceley alone, but some of his colleagues were greatly alarmed, lest the gipsy's threats should be verified. To the end of his life, the gentleman, to whose marked perturbation we have referred, believed that the malediction uttered by Polly Cooper caused the death of his baby. It had been sulking greatly from teething for some time past, but was seized that day with convulsions and suddenly carried off, just as the gipsy woman uttered her curses upon him and his.

While such foolish credulity reigned among the middle and upper ranks of society, can it excite surprise that a gipsy's predictions were as firmly believed in by the lower classes as the revelations of God himself, and far too frequently, much more seriously studied and reflected upon? Thus it was, in the majority of cases, that such prophecies were made to fulfil themselves. In an instance like that of the death of the magistrate's infant, we can see nothing more than a simple coincidence; but in many others, the persons to whom the threat was uttered, would secure its accomplishment by allowing his mind to dwell upon it. In the case of threatened physical illness, anxiety and disquietude are quite sufficient to engender it. Where material misfortune is predicted, the energy and watchfulness that might avert it, are destroyed by faith in the fortune-teller's power; and apathy, and indolence, consequently, produce the effect foretold.

"I suppose you were too young at the time, Sally, to think of the wrong and cruelty of sacrificing an innocent man to screen yourselves," said Mrs. Debbert.

"Oh, yes, ma'am! I did not know or trouble myself about it at all; only I well remember that there was great rejoicing and dancing, and singing, when the tailor, or *cumber*, as we called him, in our language, was convicted. One of the verses, I think was:

*"We Romans rejoice in forest free,
Like birds and beasts no hell and nimble,
While Sulp' as true as nose and key,
Like his own grain in its thimble."*

"How cruel and wicked of the gipsies thus to mock

at the misfortune they had brought upon him," said Mrs. Dehrett. "It would seem impossible that a race inhabiting a Bible-reading country, could act so utterly contrary to the commands of the most High. From the time that God's people escaped from bondage under the Egyptians, whose successors your tribe profess to be, they were strictly forbidden to oppress, ill-treat, or unjustly accuse anyone. And now, under the generous dispensation of the gospel, I should have hoped that Christian teaching had so pervaded every nook of our favoured land, that no whole community could be found living in such total disregard of the law, 'thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself!'"

"You see, ma'am, answered Sally; the gipsies always keep quite separate from other people, and are so prejudiced against any way of life but their own, that they never get beyond what their fathers knew and did before them. Why God should bless me with new thoughts and feelings, as he has done, I am sure I do not know," concluded Sally, weeping. "I feel, if I had my life to lead over again, that I should do very differently from what I have done. May the Lord be pleased to enlighten others of my race!"

The conversation ended for the time with a hearty "Amen," from Mrs. Dehrett.

(To be continued.)

SONGS OF HOME.—No. 11.

PEACEFUL HOMES.

TUNE—"Beautiful Star."

Bright are the Homes with Peace as guest,
Soft and sweet the quiet rest,
Angry passions mildly cease,
And sorrow slumber where is Peace,
Beautiful Peace, beautiful Peace,
Rest like a dove on us, beautiful, beautiful Peace.

Oh! never more shall jealous strife
Check our mutual joy of life,
Never more shall anger come,
If thus we crown thee, Queen of Home,
Beautiful Peace, &c.

Dire sounds have reached us from afar,
From Homes made dark by angry war,
Hate has altered a brother's heart,
Grant us, Great Father, in these no part,
Beautiful Peace, &c.

Always we'll utter words of love,
Striving angry to remove,
Nought but healing words shall come,
Under the shadow of our Home,
Beautiful Peace, &c.

Beautiful Peace, then spread thy wing,
Lighting and blessing every thing,
Drawing as clouds the mild breeze,
Hope of our homesteads, beautiful Peace.

Beautiful Peace, beautiful Peace,
Rest with us ever, a comforting Peace.

M. F.

FLOWERS IN CEMETERIES AND CHURCH-YARDS.

I AM delighted to see that the custom of planting flowers in cemeteries and church-yards is becoming prevalent. We have too long persevered in planting them with yews and cypress, and other trees of gloom; gloom might best such places, if the sleep of death were indeed an eternal sleep, but in grave could shut us out from the bright hope of a more glorious waking; but He who is the resurrection and the life has banished such fears.—He has declared that though we be dead yet shall we live; our funeral grounds are not the grounds of oblivion but the GARDENS OF REPOSE. And I would advise you, not perhaps that the sleepers are cognizant of our care, though even that has been imagined by men of religion as well as poetry, but chiefly that they might whisper morals as they blossom and as they fade, to those who meditate among the tombs. I would plant "the lilies of the field" by the grave, of whom?—not of the faded and heart-broken maid, but with less poetry, though more solemnity, over him, who had sunk beneath his struggles for riches,—that unwearying mammon. I bid him the resurrection divider words "to consider these would bid them grow, that they toiled not, neither did they spin; and yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of them."

The cold-cup, shooting into the skies, with eye monitor on a grave. Does family flower! its infant buds as they open into day, following the example of the parent flower, look upward to Him from whom all

their beauties flow; holy community of feeling, sweet remembrances of family worship.

The DAISY too, devout though humble plant, tied to the ground, as a labourer with his daily toil, yet looking firmly for a blessing smile from the eye of the bright God of day, reflecting, though at some humble distance, his image, and rejoicing, though humbly, in his name.

The PRIMROSE and VIOLET might tell—the one of the youth, and the other of the virtue of the sleeper beneath. The primrose, pale blossom of the spring, and the fragrant hidden nectary of the meek violet, might almost reconcile us to a short life, thus ended by such delightful qualities.

The DAFFODIL, that drooping and downcast penitent; the PASSIFLORA, holy enthusiast! the IRIS, bright reflector of the bow of promise; and the STIMULIFLOW, unwavering follower of its Lord; each would yield a text on which even the most uneducated and superficial might enlarge.

How many sweet appeals to feeling might be made by the simple myosotis, friendship's own blossom, the ever dear FORGET ME NOT; how would the cerulean purity of its clerical eyes move us to sympathy; while Lethe's dull opiates distilling from the gay poppy would remind that gaudy and flaunting qualities have no claim on love or on remembrance.

The ROSE, beautiful and fragrant, as goodness ever is; the SWEET-BRIAR yielding its Christian-like return of sweetness for injuries; the CONVOLVULUS, clinging ever upon its great supporter, there alone blooming and perfecting itself; and the HEART'S-EASE, assuming lessor to humility, all yield rich morals to those who read nature aright; as what flower, or bush, or tree, will not?

We ask not the aid of art to form *fleurs immortelles* (such emblems of man's notions of immortality, a substitution of years for months) for look at this faded bulb, this wrecked and withered harebell—faded, fallen, and rotten,—it is departed,—it is gone! Aye, departed,—but for a while; gone,—but not for ever. Faded, but like the sleeper in whose grave it rests; faded, but to rise again; the blossoms of its first day are over, and it is dead,—but the bulb, the germ of second life is there. A brighter day will dawn, and it shall, like him, again live!

Who will say that flowers are not as useful as they are beautiful—that they are not fitted to improve the heart as well as to please the eye? Oh! sweet lessons of morality and religion do they preach, as fragrant to the soul as their material essences are to the sense. Let them adorn our dwelling places; let them tell our births, our trials, and our rejoicings; and oh! let them be upon our bier and upon our graves, planted there by those whom we loved, and who, even in death, will still love us.

Soothing, holy thought that they of our kindred and of our love will sometimes steal even from the pleasures of the world to commune with heaven at our graves, to visit the spot where we lie,—a little unobtrusive spot, unknown and unregarded by all but them, or only elsewhere noticed by some stray admirer of church-yard flowers, who will worship at the graves, the devotion, which to a distant date has kept up the blossoms of the little mound with untiring care. Yes, the dear relics of our home and of our love will then feel a soft delight in dwelling on the now unimportant fact, that we have adorned a day's together; such pleasure is there in harmless and virtuous sympathy.

Farewell, dear flowers, for a while.

LADY RAFFLES AND THE INDIAN NURSE.—One day, when Lady Raffles, while in India, was almost overwhelmed with grief for the loss of a favourite child, unable to bear the sight of her other children, or the light of day, and huddled on her couch with a feeling of misery, she was addressed by a poor native woman, a nurse, and one of the lowest class, who had been employed at the nursery, in terms not to be forgotten, and which deserve to be recorded: "I am come," said she, because you have been here many days shut up in this dark room, and no one comes to comfort you. And you are not ashamed to grieve in this manner, when you ought to be thanking God for having given you the most beautiful child that ever was seen? Were you not the envy of everybody? Did any one ever see a child so beautiful as this child continue in this world till he should be worn out with trouble and sorrow, has not God taken him to heaven in all his beauty? For shame! leave off weeping, and let me open a window."

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